

*Troilus and Cressida.*

Here comes *Patroclus*.

*Nest.* No *Achilles* with him?

*Uly.* The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curtesie:  
His legges are legs for necessitie, not for sight.

*Patro.* *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:  
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,  
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,  
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,  
But for your health, and your digestion sake;  
An after Dinners breath.

*Aga.* Heare you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his enation winged thus swift with scorne,  
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,  
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,  
Nor yettously of his owne part beheld,  
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their gloss;  
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdsome dish,  
Are like to rot vntrasted: goe and tell him,  
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,  
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,  
And vnder honesty in selfe-assumption greater  
Then in the note of iudgement; & worthier then himselfe  
Here tends the sauge strangenesse he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command:  
And vnder write in an obseruing kinde  
His humorous predominance, yea watch  
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,  
That if he ouerhold his price so much,  
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin  
Not portable, lye vnder this report.  
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:  
A Rurring Dwarfie, we doe allowance giue,  
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

*Pat.* I shall, and bring his answer presently.

*Aga.* In second voyce weele not be satisfied,  
We come to speake with him, *Ulysses* enter you.

*Exit Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* What is he more then another?

*Aga.* No more then what he thinke he is.

*Aia.* Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke  
himselfe a better man then I am?

*Ag.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Ag.* No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
wite, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
more tractable.

*Aia.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride  
grow? I know not what it is.

*Aga.* Your minde is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues  
the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe: Pride is his  
owne Glasse, his owne trump, his owne Chronicle, and  
what euer praises it selfe but in the deede, deuoures the  
deede in the praise.

*Enter Ulysses.*

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring  
of Toades.

*Nest.* Yet he loues himselfe: is't not strange?

*Uly.* *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

*Ag.* What's his excuse?

*Uly.* He doth relye on none,  
But carries on the streame of his dispose,  
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

*Aga.* Why, will he not vpon our faire request,  
Vntent his person, and share the ayre with vs?

*Uly.* Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely  
He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride  
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth  
Holds in his blood such swolne and hot discourse,  
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,  
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,  
And batters gainst it selfe; what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,  
Cry no recovery.

*Ag.* Let *Ajax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;  
Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
At your request a little from himselfe.

*Uly.* O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.  
Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,  
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,  
And neuer suffers matter of the world,  
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue  
And ruminare himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,  
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquit,  
Nor by my will asubingate his merit,  
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,  
That were to enlard his fat already, pride.  
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes  
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.  
This L. goe to him: *Iupiter* forbid,  
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

*Nest.* O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

*Dis.* And how his silence drinke vp this applause.

*Aia.* If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pass him  
ore the face.

*Ag.* O no, you shall not goe.

*Aia.* And a be proud with me, Ile pleshe his pride: let  
me goe to him.

*Uly.* Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

*Aia.* A pauntry insolent fellow.

*Nest.* How he describes himselfe.

*Aia.* Can he not be sociable?

*Uly.* The Rauen chides blacknesse.

*Aia.* Ile let his humours bloud.

*Ag.* He will be the Physician that should be the pa-  
tient.

*Aia.* And all men were a my minde.

*Uly.* Wit would be out of fashion.

*Aia.* A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords  
first: shall pride carry it?

*Nest.* And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

*Uly.* A would haue ten shares.

*Aia.* I will knede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not  
yet through warme.

*Nest.* Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-  
bition is dry.

*Uly.* My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

*Nest.* Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

*Dis.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

*Uly.* Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.  
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

*Troilus and Cressida.*

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

*Uly.* Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Aia.* A horson dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would  
he were a Trojan.

*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now —

*Uly.* If he were proud.

*Dis.* Or couetous of praise.

*Uly.* I, or surley borne.

*Dis.* Or strange, or selfe affected.

*Uly.* Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gaue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let Mars denide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yelde

To sinnowie *Ajax*: I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

As green as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Ajax*.

*Aia.* Shall I call you Father?

*Uly.* I my good Sonne.

*Dis.* Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

*Uly.* There is no carrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicker: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to Troy; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

*Ag.* Goe weto Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may faile swift, though greater bulkes draw  
deepe. *Exeunt. Musicke sounds within.*

*Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.*

*Par.* Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you fol-  
low the yong Lord *Parn*?

*Ser.* I fir, when he goes before me.

*Par.* You depend vpon him I meane?

*Ser.* Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

*Par.* You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must  
needes praise him.

*Ser.* The Lord be praised.

*Pa.* You know me, doe you not?

*Ser.* Faith fir, superficially.

*Pa.* Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

*Ser.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pa.* I doe desire it.

*Ser.* You are in the state of Grace?

*Pa.* Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my

title: What Musique is this?

*Ser.* I doe but partly know fir: it is Musicke in parts.

*Pa.* Know you the Musicians.

*Ser.* Wholly fir.

*Pa.* Who play they to?

*Ser.* To the hearers fir.

*Pa.* At whose pleasur friend?

*Ser.* At mine fir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

*Pa.* Command, I meane friend.

*Ser.* Who shall I command fir?

*Pa.* Fri

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